Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVI., No. 16. MONTREAL, APRIL 19, 1901. 50 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

Ellen Agnes Bilbrough-Wallace.

A FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS.

(By the Rev. C. W. Watch, in 'Onward.')

A beautiful life in its going out and coming in is richer by far in blessing to any community or land than the empty record of fame or the worship of gold. To have read the story of such a life and thus have caught its inspiration is no small thing; but to have known it, and had personal knowledge of its Christlike deeds, and have come under the influence of its character is far better. This has been the privilege of a very large number of young people, who will remember well of whom we write—Ellen A. Bilbrough-Wallace, of the Marchmont Home, Belleville.

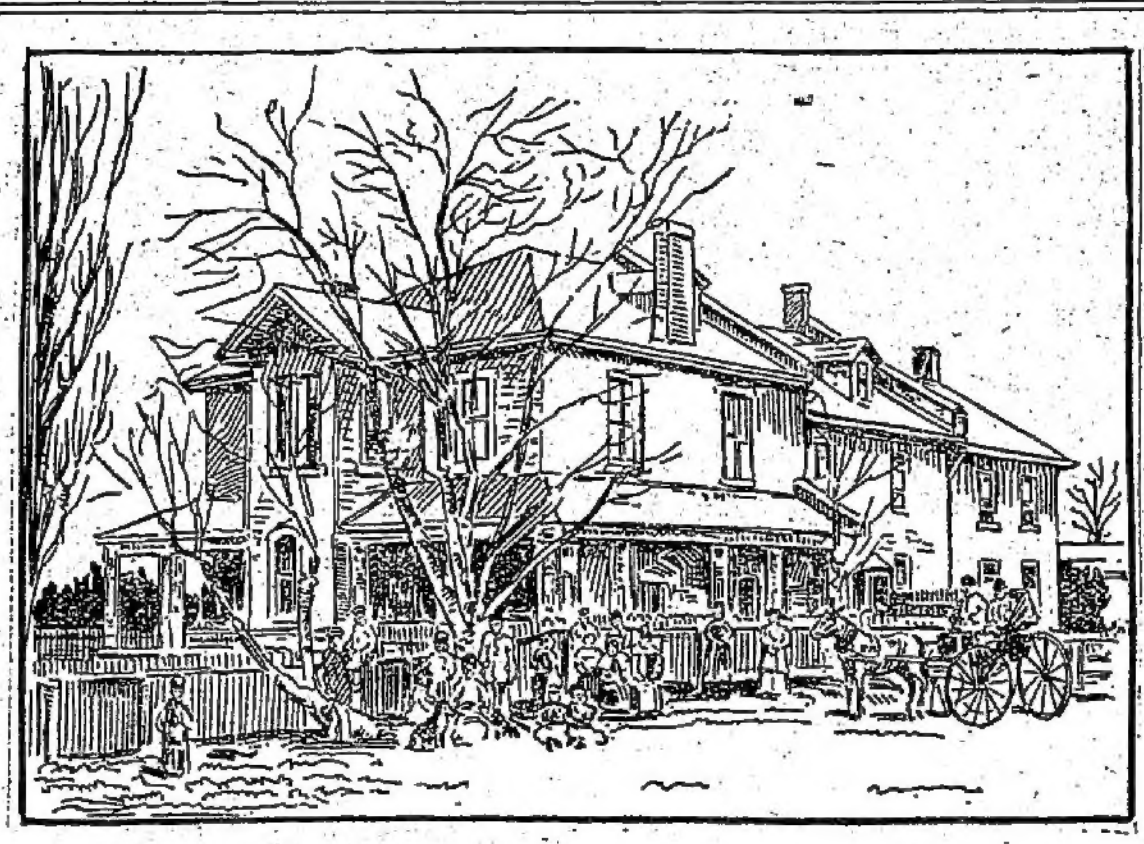
It is no stretch of the imagination, it is a fact, to say that there is scarcely a town or hamlet of Ontario in which some one will not call her their friend, and in a great many churches of the land there are those who know her, and to whom her memory will be precious.

Mrs. Wallace was born in Leeds, England, in 1841, of godly parents, Brooks Priestly and Anne Bilbrough. The Rev. J. Lister, for many years pastor of the Myrtle Street Baptist Church, Liverpool, was her grandfather. Of her mother, as of herself, it could be said, 'She was a succorer of

MRS. BILBROUGH-WALLACE.

many,' and all the children from this home have been men and women of God. Miss Bilbrough was converted when attending a boarding-school at Kelso, Scotland, under the preaching of the late Dr. Horatius Bonar, whose hymns we sing. Dr. Bonar became deeply interested in her and her work, and the correspondence between them, for many years, was not ordinary letter writing; it was the fellowship of pure hearts, written in the presence of the King.

In 1869, drawn by the needs of the neglected children of East London, she entered into rescue work with Miss Annie McPherson, of the Industrial Home, Spitalfields. In 1870 she commenced her life work, when in association with Miss McPherson she brought the first party of orphan boys and girls to Canada. The need of a home as a distributing centre was immediately felt,



THE MARCHMONT HOME, BELLEVILLE.

and Belleville was chosen as the site. After the destruction, by fire, of two houses, the present Marchmont Home was erected. The late Hon. Billa Flint, of Belleville, and Mr. George Hague, general manager of the Merchants Bank of Canada, were interested, and assisted in the building. Since then nearly seven thousand children have passed under her care. Of this large number not more than two percent have failed to justify the effort in their behalf. Those who know the work best question if any other Christian effort has produced results more encouraging than the labors of this Christly woman.

She said little about her own work or its results, or of the personal funds she was generously devoting to it, but in every profession and business can be found successful men and women, who, looking back, will remember Miss Bilbrough as the friend who gave them their first start in life.

In 1887 she was united in marriage to the Rev. Robert Wallace, who was associated with her in the work, and who survives to mourn his great loss.

She made Marchmont Home known not only as a distributing centre for the children, but it became to both the workers and the children a Bible Training and Missionary School. Very few Sabbath-schools but have had a Marchmont boy or girl come into their midst, and it has readily been admitted that they have come with a better knowledge of the Bible than many children have from even our best homes. Missionary information has been imparted and a missionary spirit developed until not a few of the workers and children have graduated from the Home to the most difficult spots in heathen lands, some of whom have entered into rest from the mission field. In 1896, in company with Mr. Wallace, this devoted woman journeyed round the world, her chief interest in the tour being to visit the mission stations in China, India, and the South Seas, while in the interest of her own work she crossed the Atlantic no less than twenty-five times.

It would be difficult for any one to have held personal friendship with a larger number of the prominent Christian leaders of this and other lands than did Mrs. Wallace. Marchmont has become known in many lands for its generous hospitality. Very few leaders in the different churches—ministers, missionaries, and philanthropists—who have visited Canada, but have rested for a while at Marchmont Home.

There was not a moral reform but had her prayer and support. There were but few of the Christian beneficences, in the city or in the churches, but had her generous help. For thirty years she lived this life in our midst, walking in the fellowship of the Master; she knew his word, she sought his will.

It was little thought her work was done, though she expressed this feeling to a friend only two weeks before her death. She had been suffering from an asthmatic cough, which developed into lung trouble, and after visiting two Sanitariums and Colorado, without effect, she returned to her home on September 11, and fell asleep in Jesus on Sabbath morning, September 23. Not long before she passed away she chose as her text, 'They shall see his face.'

Her funeral was representative of all the churches, and Christian workers came from different parts of Ontario and Quebec. The Rev. Mr. Cowsert read an obituary sketch of her life, and the Rev. Mr. Watch spoke of her personal friends and coworkers, the Rev. Dr. Tucker for the many boys and girls she had helped, and Mr. George Hague, of Montreal, for those who had first encouraged her work in Canada. The fragrance of a good life never dies, and the fruitage of this life only eternity will know, yet of herself she was scarcely heard to speak, but of the grace of God she was a faithful witness.

Basil the Hermit,

(By Arthur W. Cooke.)

Mr. William Canton, in one of the chapters of his recent Christmas book, 'A Child's Book of Saints,' has told the legend of a strange mediaeval figure in his own beautiful and suggestive way. On one of the hills near Ancyra, Basil the Hermit stood day and night on a pillar of ston

forty feet high, praying and weeping for his own sins and for the sins of the world.

In the third year of his testimony, as Basil was rapt in devotion, an angel, clad in the silver-blue robes of an eastern night, stood in front of him, and cried, 'Descend from thy pillar and get thee away far west.' Without delay or doubt Basil obeyed, and began to journey westward. After much travelling, he crossed the seas, and reached the city of the Golden Horn, Byzantium. There for four months he lived on a pillar over-looking the city and the narrow seas, and cried his cry of doom and torment.

But again the angel appeared, and bade him descend and go farther. So with patience and constancy of soul he departed and pursued his way for many months, till he had got to the ancient city of Treves. There he found a vast pillar of marble still erect, and with the leave and blessing of the bishop made it his home and lofty watch-tower, enduring the cold, weariness and manifold discomfort of such a dwelling place for the space of three summers and three winters. He had no shelter, no covering even, save a coat of sheepskin. About his neck hung a heavy chain of iron, and each Friday he wore an iron crown of thorns. Once a day he ate a little rye bread, and once he drank a little water.

When at length he had endured this stricken life for the space of three more years, he began to think he must have won a golden seat among the blessed. For who could have taken up the cross of the Lord Christ as he had done, or have given more than he? Was it possible for frail man to do or suffer more? 'Surely, Lord God, thou hast written my name in thy Book of Life! But if in anything I have failed, show me, Lord, I beseech thee, wherein I have come short.'

As Basil thus prayed, the angel came once more, and, taking him by the hand, led him down from the pillar, and said:—'Here in this land thou art to learn what is for thy good. Take for staff this piece of tree, and follow this road till thou reachest the third milestone; there in the early light thou shalt meet him that can instruct thee. He is one who is greatly pleasing in God's eyes.' Basil obeyed, and moving on till he came to the appointed place, he found there a great flock of geese, and among them a nut-brown maid of seven walking. Behind the multitude of geese came a churl, tall, young, and comely. Bowing low before him, the hermit said:—

'Tell, me, good brother, what works and austerities and prayers have made thee so acceptable to God?'

At first the gooseherd thought the holy man was mocking him; but finding his mistake, he made reply:—'This is indeed a matter beyond me. All my work has been the tending and rearing of geese and driving them to market, and all my payer has been that I might keep them safe and sell them speedily and at good price, and then get back to the fens again.'

Pressed by the hermit to tell more concerning his life, the gooseherd spoke of the little maid, his companion, and told how he had found her a helpless babe in the arms of a slain mother, had reared her himself, and faithfully tended her, till she had waxed strong of heart and limb, and had become all the world to him. As the churl told, all unconsciously, the story of his deep devotion to the little child, tears gathered in the hermit's eyes, and he replied:

'O son! now I know why thou art so pleasing to God. Early hast thou learned the love which gives all and asks nothing, which suffereth long and is kind; and this I have not learned. A small thing, and too common, it seemed to me; but now I see that it is holier than austerities, and availeth more than fasting, and is the prayer of prayers.'

How tenderly this legend of Basil and the goose herd brings home to us the truth that God requires even of us just the same warm love of the heart 'which gives all and asks nothing, which suffereth long and is kind!' We are strangely slow to learn this lesson, though it is being pressed upon us in so many ways along the years of our life. We labor to obey each separate command of God, forgetting that love in the heart is the fulfilment of all the law. We find it difficult to respond to all the claims for self-forgetful regard and service that are made upon us hourly and daily in the home and away from home, when it would be easy and natural if only our hearts were enlarged and our love never-failing.—'Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.'

What She Could.

'I do not see that I can do anything,' said little Mrs. Pattison, pausing in her work to take up the baby who had crept to her. 'I have hungered, as you may say, to be a part and parcel of the Master's workers; but my limitations are such'—and a grieved look came to the sensitive face as she glanced at her small, scantily-furnished room. 'Mrs. Farley has had the Endeavor social twice, and Mrs. Butler told me she invites her Sunday-school class to lunch with her every month. I should love to do so, too, but there are eleven in my class, and I have really no room. Sometimes I have thought I'd better resign my class, as I cannot make it pleasant for them as other teachers do; but when I spoke of it one day the children seemed so grieved that I have not spoken of it since. It is not easy for me to attend Sunday-school, but Aunt Mellie offered to care for the baby, as she was not able to go, so it seemed as though the way opened for me to do just a little.'

'You poor dear!' said Mrs. Elmore, affectionately, 'the idea of blaming yourself for not doing more! You can never know what thrusts your words have made in my heart. I have wondered how you could do so much, with your family cares. God has given me a home with plenty of rooms, and no little ones to fill them with the music of words and laughter, and yet I have done nothing. As you were speaking, the words of Jesus to Mary came to me with such force, "She hath done what she could." Hereafter I will try and do something.'

'And I shall try to do something more. A little study will reveal to me what the Lord will have me to do!' and Mrs. Pattison rose to lay baby in her crib.

As Mrs. Pattison accompanied her caller to the door she glanced across the street to where a pale face looked wistfully through a window, and a sudden inspiration seized her. She knew now something that was required of her. Wishing Mrs. Elmore a pleasant time for her morning calls she returned to the little sitting-room and took up her sewing, while she studied it out.

'Why, I wonder I had never thought of doing it before,' said the little woman to herself. 'There is poor Mrs. Doane who lost all her family and property, too, some years ago, eking out a scanty existence alone. How lonely she must be! Then there is Mrs. Abby with those inflamed eyes, which render her so unpleasant that she is never invited out. And Polly Mills, with her lame foot, and Annie Follett, who is styled an "old maid" and disagreeable. I will invite the four to spend a day with me. I dare say it would be a treat to them, although my rooms are small and plainly furnished.

Mrs. Abby and Annie Follett can walk. I can draw Mrs. Doane over in a chair; but I shall have to get some one to bring Polly Mills. I think I have it now. Mrs. Terry has said, "My John will do an errand for you any time you wish." I will tell her that I should like one done now.'

How cosy Mrs. Pattison's little sitting-room did look the next day as the October sun stole in through the windows, revealing the whiteness of the daintily laundried muslin curtains where the four old ladies sat talking.

As for Mrs. Pattison, there was a light in her hazel eyes, and a blush on her cheeks not often seen, as she laid her table with her new china. As a centre-piece was a large vase of autumn flowers of her own raising, and by each plate was laid a rose geranium leaf.

'Dear me,' said Mrs. Abby, 'doesn't this seem homelike! I couldn't tell the time when I've been invited out before.'

How the old ladies lingered over their tea and biscuits spread with golden honey! And after their hunger was appeased, how they did tell stories of those olden days when life had seemed fairer to them! And there was genuine appreciation in their faces when they said good-by, even if their words were few, appreciation that warmed Mrs. Pattison's heart for days to come.

'I did what I could,' she thought, 'even if it was only a little thing, and I am sure the Master accepted the little offering.'—S. R. Sill, in 'Advocate and Guardian.'

The Healing Kiss.

When I was a child and you were a child,
In the days of the long ago,
We owned a balm for every bruise
Our tender hearts could know;
And never a hurt was yours or mine
This charm could not dispel,
For the loving mother found the wound
And kissed it and made it well.

Oh, that mother's love! Could it dwell with us
Through the long, long paths of life,
It would charm away so many tears,
And calm so much of strife;
For though the world is filled with grief,
The sorry deeds of men
Can bring few wounds that a kiss of love
Will not make well again.

—'Good Cheer.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN COLOSSIANS.

April 21, Sun.—Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.

April 22, Mon.—Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.

April 23, Tues.—Ye serve the Lord Christ.

April 24, Wed.—He that doeth wrong shall receive which he hath done; and there is no respect of persons.

April 25, Thur.—Give unto your servants that which is just and equal.

April 26, Fri.—Continue in prayer.

April 27, Sat.—Redeeming the time.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Hiram Hurd's Five Dollar Bill.

(By Sarah L. Tenney, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Mrs. Underwood was tired out. All day long she had been looking over boxes and bundles, cleaning out chests and bureau drawers preparatory to the inevitable spring cleaning. Her work was nearly completed save for a huge pile of motley rags heaped up in the middle of the room, giving it a general air of confusion and untidiness. These still remained to be sorted before her day's work would be satisfactorily accomplished, but she was far too weary to apply herself to the task, slight as it seemed to be in itself considered. It was, therefore, with a sigh of relief she heard the voice of her son Archie, just returned from school, in the hall below, followed by himself as he ran gaily over the stairs into the room where she was at work. Mrs. Underwood was one of those delightful wives and mothers who seek to conceal from their family all petty annoyances in the domestic machinery, or any personal worriment, so it was a very cheerful voice and pleasant smile, although a very tired mamma, that greeted her son's return.

'Well, Archie, I am very glad to see you. I had hoped to have this room all to rights before you came, but I found so much else to do, it was quite impossible. Are you willing to do it for me, dear, so I may rest a few moments before getting tea?' If a slight shade of disappointment came over Archie's face it was only for a moment, and was not, perhaps, to be wondered at. He had hurried home from school to engage in a game of baseball with his companions, who were waiting for him in the street below. But he answered, 'All right, mother! Just let me go and tell the boys, so they can get some one else in my place.' In a moment he returned and set himself about the task awaiting him. His mother explained what she wished done—the white and colored rags each put in separate piles, and then tied up in bags, ready for the ragman when he should make his customary rounds. For some time he worked on in silence, his mother resting quietly on the lounge and regarding him with fond affection.

'You shall have all the money they bring, Archie, for your unselfishness in giving up your play to help me,' said his mother, and the boy felt more than repaid for his brief disappointment. He was saving up all his earnings for a greatly desired object, and had already more than half the amount required. He worked away with a will, and was very nearly through his task, when he came across something that caused him to pause in his labors. He glanced up at his mother, and seeing she was not asleep came and placed in her hand a loose page from the Holy Bible.

'I found it among the rags,' he said, 'and you have told me never to destroy or throw away even a leaf from the Scriptures, and here is a whole chapter. What shall I do with it?'

Mrs. Underwood regarded it thoughtfully for a few moments. It was from that most precious of Christ's teachings—the fifth chapter of Matthew, printed in small but clear type.

'It is far too valuable a portion of God's Word to be lightly thrown aside, my son,' she said at length. 'I will tell you what we will do with it. Fold it carefully, and enclose it in a piece of clean, white paper, then put it in with the colored rags where it will be more likely to attract attention. Then send a little prayer along with it, asking God to take care of it, and bless it to some poor, needy soul.'

AFRICANS CARRYING THATCHED ROOFS.

Archie did as his mother advised, not forgetting the prayer, and soon the rags were all neatly sorted and tied up ready for the rag pedler. In a few days he came, and Archie's heart was made glad by the bright, new half-dollar he received in exchange for the rags and other cast-off articles of merchandise. The pedler transferred them all to the bags on the back of his cart which were already nearly full, so that after receiving this new consignment, it was impossible to tie the bags up tightly. So it came to pass, as the waggon jolted down the street, and turned a sharp curve at the corner, some of the top rags fell out, and were borne along by the light breeze in different directions. Among them was the Bible leaf, which being somewhat heavier than the others on account of its wrapping, remained where it fell in the gutter on the side of the road. There it lay for a couple of days, and had Archie Underwood seen it at the end of that time, perhaps he would have thought God had paid little heed to his whispered prayer.

But as poor, half-drunken Hiram Hurd came staggering along the street that second afternoon, his eye fell upon the soiled little parcel, and he eagerly seized it, though how he accomplished the act without himself falling into the gutter was a marvel. As he unrolled the outer covering, its contents, dampened by the night's moisture had sort of run together and took on the shape of a bank note to his distorted imagination, while the 'V' at the head of the chapter designated its value.

'Ha! I'm in luck to find a five dollar bill right on the street. Mollie and the young 'uns havn't had much to eat for a week past. Guess I'll fill up with a drink and then get 'em a good square meal for once—say a turkey and all the fixin's. Won't they be shurprised?'

So he gloated to himself over his newfound treasure. 'But, shtay!' he reflected for a moment seriously. 'Guess I'd better get the dinner first, and fill up afterwards.' Full of this praiseworthy thought, he hastened as rapidly as his deplorable condition would permit to the nearest market, and demanded of the dealer in loud, peremptory tones, 'What turkey fetchin' today, Mr. Wells?'

Mr. Wells, the provision dealer, glanced contemptuously at his customer as he recognized him and his condition, and curtly replied, 'More than you can afford to pay, Hi, so be off with you!'

'Hey, what's that you shay?' exclaimed the drunkard in a threatening tone. 'Can't pay for it, hey?' Then suddenly lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, he came close to the dealer and informed him, 'You are mishtaken this time, my friend. I've got money enough to pay for the turkey and all its fixins', and I want 'em sent up to my house right off, I do.'

'I'd rather see your money than hear you talk about it, Hi,' was the dealer's response. 'Our terms are cash.'

'Look-a-here,' exclaimed Hiram, pulling the dirty piece of paper out of his pocket and flaunting it triumphantly in the face of the storekeeper. 'How's that for Hi!' laughing in a maudlin way at his own silly joke.

The astonished Mr. Wells, deceived for a moment by its dark, soiled appearance into thinking it a genuine bill, took it from Hiram and unfolded it, immediately bursting into a loud, harsh laugh.

'That'll hardly pass for a fiver here, Hi,' he said, tendering it back 'though it'll be worth as much to you, maybe, if you'll mind what it says. Now get out of here! You're in the way of more profitable customers,' he

added, turning to Archie Underwood, who had just entered the store on an errand. Dazed and angry, but almost sobered by his great disappointment, Hiram turned to obey, but as Archie, his errand accomplished, attempted to pass him on his way out, Hiram caught him by the arm and exclaimed, 'Did he tell me the truth, boy? Isn't this a five dollar bill? I mistrust he's a foolin' of me! What is it, anyway?'

Archie took the proffered paper and gave a start as he recognized the Bible leaf which he himself had so carefully enclosed. And then he began to wonder how it could possibly have fallen into 'old Hurd's' hands (as the village boys called him).

'It is a leaf from the Bible, Mr. Hurd,' replied Archie, courteously.

Hiram cast it contemptuously on the ground, then, seeming to reconsider the matter, stooped and picked it up, saying with a grating laugh, 'Guess I'll take it home to Mollie and show her how near I came to buying a turkey dinner with a piece of the Bible,' and as he turned away with unsteady step, Archie mustered up courage to say timidly, 'Perhaps it will buy the turkey dinner yet, Mr. Hurd, if you will only read it and do what it says.'

But he could not be sure the half-intoxicated man ever heard him, so he went home to tell his mother of the singular occurrence, and of the complete failure of their little experiment, notwithstanding the secret prayer that sanctified it. But Archie's mother said, 'Wait! Nothing is ever lost that is done for God. Wait his time, my son.' And Archie waited all through his school days and college life, till the swift busy years drove the incident entirely from his mind. . . . . .

Thirty years passed by. Mr. Archibald Underwood, now a middle-aged man and a prosperous lawyer in a far Western city, came back for a few days to visit his boyhood's home. His parents had passed on to their reward, together with many whom he had known in his youthful days.

Many of the old landmarks, too, were gone. The market where his father used to trade had been long since torn down, giving place to an imposing structure built of granite and freestone. The entire building was occupied as a provision store, and gave employment to a large number of clerks who were busily hurrying to and fro, executing orders of the constantly arriving customers. In one of the entrances stood a large, portly man, with white hair and beard, who from evident signs was the proprietor of the immense establishment. Mr. Archibald Underwood drew near, and engaged him in conversation, introducing himself as a former resident of the now flourishing town. As the provision dealer responded courteously to the stranger's interested inquiries concerning the growth of the place, it seemed to Mr. Underwood that he must have met the man before. There was something wondrously familiar about him, though there was nothing in his face or general appearance to mark his identity. On returning to the house of his friend with whom he was stopping, Mr. Underwood inquired who was the proprietor of the fine market in the square.

'Don't you remember Hiram Hurd?' was the reply. '"Old Hurd," as we boys used to call him, though he was not by any means an old man, who used to go staggering round the streets?'

'Is it possible?' exclaimed Mr. Underwood in amazement. 'How did the change come about?'

'He reformed very suddenly about thirty years ago,' replied his friend. 'He went to Wells, the old provision dealer, one day, and told him that if he would give him a job he would quit drinking. Nobody believed he'd hold out, but Wells employed him in his slaughter house for a spell, then as he grew more trusty and continued sober, he put him on one of his waggons. Finally he grew to be such a good judge of cattle Wells entrusted him largely with the buying of his stock, and at last gave him an interest in his business. When Wells retired a few years ago, Hurd bought out the concern, and with the rapidly-growing town, his business has increased to the proportions you see to-day. He is a fine Christian man, too, and has a lovely family, but he is eccentric. He always carries around in his wallet a folded, soiled, and almost worn-out bit of paper, which he claims is the foundation of all his prosperity. It is a leaf from the New Testament, but years ago Hurd mistook it for a five dollar bill—a mistake which he affirms proved his salvation.'

So he went on expatiating on the merits and benevolence of the reformed inebriate. But Mr. Underwood was lost in profound reverie. As if a sudden flash-light had been thrown on the scenes of his youth, there stood forth in startling reality all the details of that incident in his boyhood, while from out the echoes of the dim past he seemed to hear a loved voice saying as plainly as though it had just spoken. 'Wait, Archie! Nothing is ever lost that is done for God. Wait his time, my son!'

An Idol Reverie

Mrs. O. W. Scott, writing in the 'Woman's Missionary Friend,' tells the following story:

Mrs. Harmon was packing. Boxes with open mouths stood on either side of the dining-room, from which the carpet had been removed, and every chair was filled with a miscellaneous assortment of articles—clothing, folded and unfolded, books, vases, small boxes and bundles, pictures wrapped in old garments like so many mummies; and a mass of 'things' was waiting to be hidden in the depths of those great packing cases.

The Rev. Mr. Harmon was at conference, and his wife knew that on his return they would go 'somewhere,' hence her eagerness to speed the necessary preparations.

Tired with the efforts to make three-cornered treasures fit into square holes, she threw herself into a rocking-chair, clearing it of its load of summer clothing with one sweep of her hand.

'I'll rest a few minutes whether the law allows or not,' she said, stooping as she spoke to pick up a small package tied with pink string.

'Now, what in the world is this?' she asked herself. 'Why should any sensible person fail to label a tied-up article?'

A few vigorous pulls and the cord yielded, disclosing a pasteboard box. Opening this, a faint perfume rose, and she exclaimed. 'My little Japanese idol!' as she took out a small black shrine, within which was an idol about three inches high. 'I haven't had this out since our tea meeting last year. I wonder—Oh, yes! here is what the missionary sent with it!' and her eyes ran over the written description: 'The god in the small black case is Kwannon-sama. It is carved from perfume-giving wood, and is very old. This is the god, or rather the goddess, of mercy, and is worshipped by a large class of devout Buddhists, especially women. She is said to have forty hands, and each hand can perform twenty-five different kinds of work. Hence she is able to help all and at all times.'

Mrs. Harmon laughed. 'Forty hands! What an ideal conception for packing times! If I were only made that way, wouldn't I make things fly? The pre-historic Japanese who first thought of the goddess of mercy must have had a prophetic glimpse of the modern woman, with her thousand and one societies and private enterprises.' Then turning the goddess toward the light, she exclaimed, 'Oh, dear, how wicked I am! But it is so hard to believe that you have really been worshipped, you poor little image! That's where we stay-at-homes are weak, with all our zeal. We can't realize that millions of soul-hungry people have been trying for thousands of years to "think out" for themselves an infinite Being who will satisfy them.' Once again her eye fell upon the missionary's description: '"Worshipped—especially by women!"—women with hearts like mine—that ache, and rejoice, and wonder and speculate; women who had their little babies taken away from their arms and buried, as they buried my baby; women who had sorrows worse than death, and nobody to pity them—such women have come to you, Kwannon-sama, mother of mercy, and begged for help. And you just sat still, and your forty hands were rigid, and you didn't care any more about the poor, writhing souls than old Father Banks does, who "thanks the Lord" he never gave a cent to foreign missions. Oh! that makes me wonder if we Christians are like you! Have we ears that hear not, eyes that see not, hands that will not help? You dreadful little idol, with your comforting-name, you shame me! You are not to blame if you cannot use your hands; but I, what have I done with my one good pair?'

For several minutes Mrs. Harmon sat with eyes fixed dreamily upon the little idol, whose ancient face seemed to gather intelligence and reflect her musings, which ended with: 'How little I have done! What can I do to help these women?'

Her reverie was interrupted by Charlie, her ten-year-old-boy, who came in from the post-office. He steered dexterously through the maze of household treasures. 'Two letters for papa, one for you, and three papers; and can I and Maud go down to the river to see the ice go out?'

'Yes, dear, if you'll come home early,' she responded, hardly able to bring herself back to real life.

Her own letter was a circular asking for the annual Thankoffering for woman's missionary work, with a touching appeal.

'Yes, this is our Thankoffering month, and I never felt so much like giving before. But—I haven't a dollar to my name!'

I need not explain how the salary had worn away, leaving Mrs. Harmon in this impecunious condition; the question was, how to make an offering after all the lambs had been sacrificed? She was still revolving it, when 'Mrs. Harmon! Mrs. Harmon!' called a voice from the back door, 'I'm coming right where you are, for I don't want to take you from your work!'

'Here I am, Mrs. Stebbins,' and the minister's wife rose just as a large lady, panting from her exertion in climbing the hill, entered the room.

'Well, I never! I'm glad I'm not a minister's wife!' Mrs. Stebbins exclaimed, as she sat down heavily in the rocking chair.

Mrs. Harmon would not have chosen to have Mrs. Stebbins's dissecting eyes behold that scene of confusion, but she only responded, 'This is a little worse than usual, for Maud and Charlie brought things from the chambers and attic, and were not care-

ful how they deposited them. And then, to tell the truth, I have been dreaming over my Lares and Penates,' and she held up the little Japanese idol.

'Oh! is that a real heathen idol, Mrs. Harmon?'

'Yes; didn't you see it at our missionary tea meeting?—or perhaps you were not there?'

'No, I wasn't. I can't tend to everything. I'm a Rathbone Sister, and a Daughter of the Revolution and a Rebecca, and a member of the Relief Corps, and the Woman's Club, besides belonging to our own Aid Society. I declare, sometimes I feel like a fly in a spider's web!'

'I don't wonder,' laughed Mrs. Harmon; then she added thoughtfully:—'There are so many organizations now that no woman can hope to join all; and don't you think that we who are Christians ought to give our best strength to those that are carrying on the work that Jesus began?'

Mrs. Stebbins laughed comfortably. 'I know what you're after. If I don't ever do anything for the heathen it won't be your fault, and I'll tell our next minister's wife so.'

Mrs. Harmon's face flusned, for she suddenly realized how many invitations she had given this parishioner to join the missionary auxiliary. 'Well,' she said, with a final shake of the head, 'I never felt so strongly the necessity of using my one pair of hands wisely, as I have this afternoon. It would be different, perhaps, if I had forty, like the goddess of mercy.'

'Did she have forty hands?' And Mrs. Stebbins took the shrine and examined Kwannon-sama curiously. 'And has it really been worshipped?'

'Oh, yes!' And Mrs. Harmon read to her the missionary's statement.

'Did you ever? And it's very old, too!' continued Mrs. Stebbins; adding, with sudden animation, 'Did I show you my cabinet when you were at our house?'

'Yes; I remember your lovely shells.'

'And other things. Why, I've got a bit of Cleopatra's Needle, and a piece of the wall of Jericho. But I haven't any heathen gods. I don't believe one of our club women have got one.' It suddenly dawned upon Mrs. Stebbins that here was a prize within her grasp. Besides, she had been thinking for some time that she would make the minister's wife a present. She would make a 'combination.' 'If you'll let me have it for my collection I'll give you five dollars for it,' she said finally.

Mrs. Harmon prized the idol highly, and expected to make it teach many a lesson and preach many a little sermon; but as she met Mrs. Stebbins's keen gaze a sudden thought came to her. 'Yes, you may have it,' she said.

Mrs. Stebbins unclasped her well-filled pocketbook and handed out the money. Once more the little, old idol from far Nippon changed owners.

'Dear Mrs. Stebbins,' said the minister's wife, 'won't you let this idol plead for the women in Japan who try to believe it will help them? Won't you think how our missionary women are working to save souls, while some of these other societies to which you belong have no spiritual outlook? Sit down with Kwannon-sama all alone some day, and I'm sure she'll talk to you as she has to me this afternoon.'

'Oh! I don't know about that. I never had much of an imagination.' And Mrs. Stebbins laughed again, until all the glistening things in her bonnet quivered in sympathy.

'But it doesn't need imagination; it's awfully real. They're trying this day to put their trust in the many-handed goddess. Yes, and they make an army of them, as if—I'll just read you what the missionary writes about that: "I visited the temple of San-ju-san-jen-do, with its host of images of Kwannon. A thousand of these gilded images rise tier behind tier; each five feet high. The smaller effigies of the goddess swell the number in the temple to thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three!" Isn't it pitiful?'

'Yes—the poor things! Wouldn't I like one of those five-feet images, though? Stebbins is going to get a Rogers's group for one corner of our parlor, but I believe an idol would give more of an air. Don't you think your missionary could get me one?'

'No, I am sure he couldn't.' There was a peculiar tone in Mrs. Harmon's voice which arrested Mrs. Stebbins's attention.

'Now you're tired with my gossip and I'll run along home.' she said; 'but first won't you tell me how to pronounce that name?' Kwan-non-sama? Thanks. Some of the club women can twist their tongues round all sorts of foreign words, but I get awfully mixed. I hope you won't get sick packing;—but I suppose you're used to it and don't mind.' And with other friendly words and wishes, Mrs. Stebbins departed.

Mrs. Harmon stood still, and with a far-away look in her eyes, after the door closed. Then she said to herself: 'She doesn't understand, she doesn't understand!' And a moment later: 'She doesn't want to understand! Are such Christians like the idols themselves,—blind, deaf, and dumb?'

But her countenance cleared as she sat down at the writing desk. She took a large blank card and wrote upon it:—

'Dear Mrs. Knox:—I have sold my idol and got my Thankoffering money at the last moment. Now, you will laugh and ask, "Which idol?" This reminds me that if we would all sacrifice our idols our Thankofferings would grow immensely. But this of mine was bona fide, and I send its price with a deeper sense of gratitude than usual. Did you ever realize that we missionary workers ought to be supremely thankful for the ability to be interested—to understand—to sympathize—to feel? Well, the dear Lord has revealed to me this afternoon how dreadful it would be to live without one throb of interest in the women on the other side.'

Then she doubled the card around the five-dollar bill, thrust it into an envelope, wrote the address of the Branch treasurer on the outside, and went back to her packing with a song upon her lips.

The Little Brook.

Have you got a brook in your little heart?
  Where the bashful flowers blow,
And blushing birds go down to drink
  And shadows tremble so?

And nobody knows, so still it flows,
  That any brook is there;
And yet your little draught of life
  Is daily drunken there.

Then look out for the little brook in March
  When the rivers overflow,
And the snows come hurrying from the hills
  And the bridges often go.

And, later, in August it may be,
  When the meadows parching lie,
Beware lest this little brook of life
  Some burning noon go dry.

—Emily Dickinson.

For His Chum.

(S.S 'Times.')

Some years ago, when he was little more than a schoolboy, a long-legged lad in knickerbockers left his English home for the Dark Continent. The well-used adjective was even then scarcely appropriate, since the torch of civilization had begun to light the land with fateful gleams, and nations of the Old World were preparing for their future destinies in the New. None of us can realize what the civilization of Africa has already cost the white races both in life and treasure. We have heard of the cruel fever, for which no antidote is known, which levies its toll upon every important enterprise and cuts down the strongest and best workers, and now we live in daily fear of what the horrors of war may reveal. And as yet Africa is but an infant Hercules scarcely awake from its first long sleep.

There were other boys in the English home to be provided for, so Percy Prime went off to seek his fortune. He waited a long time before any semblance of fortune made its appearance. He visited several places, and at last gravitated towards fast-rising Johannesburg. He had many ups and downs, especially downs, many changes of employment; he earned a little, saved a little, was robbed of all he possessed, and had to begin all over again. While he was able to keep body and soul together he was too proud to ask for help from home.

In the early days the loneliness and homesickness were terrible. When the train from the Cape was due, his feet were drawn with those of many others, to the railway station in the hope of a letter and perhaps the sight of an English face. And how often was he tempted to jump into the outgoing train, and rush towards home at any cost. But pride and self-respect would step in and insist that he should not return till he had something to show for his exile and his labor. He was not going back like the bad shilling.

By-and-by he obtained regular employment, and made something of a position for himself. And then he was often enabled to stretch a helping hand to some unfortunate new-comer, or some failure who had lost heart and hope. And then who so proud of being an Englishman as Percy Prime? For with the exile, careless and reckless as he may often appear, the word home seldom fails to touch a tender chord, and is often more potent than heaven itself.

But one hot and dusty summer's day in a showy new street of the showy new town, Percy came face to face not only with a resident not only of the old country and the old city he loved so well, but with a schoolfellow from the old school. They had not met since school days, neither knew of the other's whereabouts, but out here in far-away Africa, the connecting link was strong enough to form a bond of association, and to strengthen into a lasting friendship. True, they did not introduce themselves in the historic way that graced the meeting of a Stanley and a Livingstone. Their greeting, 'Good old Percy P.' and 'Good old Chum,' savored of the slang of the playground, but the handclasp was as warm, the welcome as cordial, as heart could wish.

From this time life bore a very different aspect to each of the young men. They lived together and did not tire of each other's companionship. They lightened their difficulties and disappointments by sharing them, and their pleasures were greatly increased. It was always a delight to be able to talk of the 'dear ones at home,' to ramble together in thought through the

intricacies of the old city, to recall the old school tricks, the football matches, the cricket matches, not omitting 'those beastly exams.'

They discussed their business and monetary difficulties, their disabilities as Uitlanders, their ambitions, their hopes. They could not now return home until they had attained such and such proofs of success. But they were happy enough meanwhile, went on holiday excursions to the places of note within their reach, and took photographs of remarkable scenes or buildings or places to show the friends at home what the strange new land was like. So they spent many months together, heartening each other and lightening the time of their exile.

Chum was sometimes absent on business for longer or shorter periods, and from one of these journeys he did not return, nor did he write to announce the cause of his delay. Communication with the North was uncertain, and a week passed without causing much anxiety. Then telegrams were sent without eliciting information, and alarm began to be excited.

'Chum is sick, or he would write to me,' said Percy Prime to a mutual acquaintance. 'He has got to some distant, out-of-the-way place, and been stricken down with fever, and I must go and find him.' A laudable resolution, truly, but to find a friend lost in Africa—the Stanley and Livingstone episode notwithstanding—may not be such a very easy matter.

In a few hours the arrangements were made, and Percy was in the train that takes its leisurely way to Pretoria. He was already familiar with the mean appearance of the town, the Rand being the only building of importance, though the low houses were redeemed by their gardens and flowers. Thence the train bore him through fine scenery, to the unhealthy Delagoa, a hot and foreign-looking little town, situated on the splendid bay, capable, it is said, of holding the fleets of the world. Thence the traveller took the German steamer to Port Beira. At another time he would have found amusement in noticing the national peculiarities, as displayed in the habits of the crews and the dishes on the table.

Beira he found to be a dreary, desolate place, a resting-place for incoming or outbound travellers. His luggage was carried on the heads of natives up the one street, deep in sand; the place was intensely hot and mosquitoes abounded. The hotel was full, there was not a bed to be had, unless the top of a billiard table might be so regarded. Inquiries so far had been useless. Among the numbers now going toward Charter Land, how could it be expected that one particular Englishman should be remembered?

Percy had heard much of the dread Beira railway and its extension. Crossing a pestilential region that could only be worked in winter, it was said to have cost the lives of two white men for every mile of its course. And a couple of workers who had been the only survivors of a band from the Cape had been welcomed and feted on their return as if they had veritably come back from the grave. And yet men still went and faced the awful risk. About two hundred miles of this line had then been completed, and Percy was about to ascend them in search of his friend.

The little railway has a very narrow gauge, and carries only four trucks. The engine is fed with wood to be obtained by the way, and the passengers have a lively time in quenching sparks lest their clothing and blankets should ignite.

At Chimoio there was the luxury of a bed and good accommodation. Then on to the Portuguese township and garrison of Macequece, containing about fifty white persons. It was a dreary spot, with few signs of life about it, and where a white man's funeral was no rarity. And that was the sight that greeted Percy's eyes and made his heart stand still as he entered the town. Tremblingly he enquired the name and age of the deceased. Ah, a middle-aged man! Could Percy help feeling glad that the answer was not 'a young man of twenty-four'? But there were other men sick of fever, and likely to die, perhaps the traveller would find the friend he wanted among them?

And he did find him—far gone, insensible, but not dead. And he nursed his friend back to life and health with more than womanly care, till a very glad but very subdued pair—one of whom was greatly emaciated and worn — were able to make their way down to the coast.'

'You are never to go off by yourself any more, Chum,' said his guardian, 'for I see you are not fit to be trusted alone.'

'Good old Percy P.,' was all the reply vouchsafed by Chum, but it seemed satisfactory to both friends. G. E.

How Tatchnee was Admitted

It was the last day of August, hot, dusty —a thirsty day for the poor, brown grass and the motionless trees, which seemed to beg for the air and moisture that the burning sky denied.

School was to begin to-morrow, and among other applicants for admission was Tatchnee. The mite was resplendent in a buckskin suit, heavy with beads and jingling with bells. As I looked at her, I was

convinced that even buckskin and sleigh-bells (in August) could be forgiven the owner of such a pair of eyes. They were so earnest and fearless, and yet so jolly and bright that the sturdy young person who owned them walked right into our hearts.

I saw Mr. Hamlin struggling with the problem which troubled that famous old woman who lived in a shoe, and longing against his better judgment to take her. However, there was an older girl who really seemed to be more needy. 'The little one will probably come again; the older girl never will if we send her away;' so that settled the question.

Mr. Hamlin explained through the interpreter, kindly and regretfully, that Tatchnee would have to come another year, that just now there was not room for her. The refusal was received, Indian-like, with very little change of countenance.

Mr. Hamlin sighed. 'I did hope we could open with a larger dormitory, but the Board is right—we must wait our turn. If the friends at home only knew how hard it is to turn them away!'

Then he said to me:—'Take them through the house, Miss Herron, it may interest them;' adding earnestly, 'Don't miss your opportunity.'

I took mother and child through the house, showing this and that, and by means of signs and my very limited Indian vocabulary getting more information about our visitors. Tatchnee was seven years old, an only child, and evidently held the balance of family power. The idea of her coming to school originated, we imagine, in her own small brain; and I think the maternal heart rejoiced over our refusal to keep her.

After making our round, we stepped into the little room, just large enough for three beds, which served for hospital. It looked so cool and inviting that hot August day, with the white curtains and beds. One of our girls, recovering from a few days' illness, sat by the window in a big easy-chair with two or three picture-books for company. She and the mite were evidently old friends; so I left them together while I went off with the mother to find the interpreter and make the most of my 'opportunity.'

When we returned to the children, Carrie said:—'Miss Herron, she wants to stay.' Evidently the little maid had set her heart on staying with us; and I appreciated it to such an extent that I picked her up, buckskin, bells, dirt and all, and gave her a good hug.

We sat down and had a little talk, consisting of very simple English on my part, and very earnest interpretation on Carrie's, the mite receiving it all with sundry nods and shakes of the head, and eyes which atoned for any lack of words.

Just opposite the window hung a picture of Jesus blessing the children, and we told her of the 'Good Teacher' who loves the little ones and makes room in his house for all who want to go to him.

'Tell her, Carrie,' I said, 'to ask him and he will make a way for her to learn of him.' And then I promised that if the far-away friends would only build us a larger house, she should surely come to school next year.

I stood on the porch next morning and waved a good-by to Tachnee, who rode by with every bell jingling and her buckskin fringes flying in the breeze. Behind her rode mother and father with heavily laden ponies. I watched the little cavalcade and the queer, zigzag trail of the dragging tent-poles, wondering when we would see them again and praying that some word spoken might be blessed in his service.

Our dormitory grew no larger during the winter and spring, but in vacation a teacher from Hampton carried off some of our pupils, and with the first vacancy we thought of Tatchnee.

In August, Mr. Hamlin sent me out in charge of a party of the older students to do some camp work and gather up pupils for the fall. We went Indian-fashion, camping at night in our tepees, and often having our evening prayers by moonlight and starlight.

We heard that the band to which Tatchnee's father belonged was camping near the river, in the canyon which the Indians call the 'Three Brothers,' from the three great trees which mark its situation. The third day out we struck the trail, quite near our destination, and by sunset the smoke-shad-

ed tepees appeared here and there through the trees.

The mountains were purple in the distance, the shadows lost themselves in the twilight, and the prairie grass swept in soft waves to our feet as it yielded to the evening breeze.

We stopped for a moment in the beautiful hush, and, as we waited, there rang out that cry, that exceeding bitter cry, which marks the Indian mourner. Month after month, following the death of a child, the mother goes aside to mourn for the lost treasure, cutting herself with a knife, beating her breast, and tearing her hair in hopeless grief. Oh! that wail, how it hurts one's heart! The mother trying to pierce the darkness of that great Unknown into which her child has gone.

The spell of silence and peace was broken. We hurried on, and while I unpacked our belongings and the boys put up our tepees, Carrie went to find our little girl. She stayed until dark, then came back with the poor mother. One glance at her hand and arm told the story; the great scars above the elbow had hardly healed, and the poor mutilated hand told the double tale of loss and cruel custom.

The tears poured down her cheeks as she talked rapidly to Carrie, turning now and then to me with gestures so expressive that I could almost read the story of her grief in them. In the early winter the little one had taken cold and the cough which followed had given her no rest night or day. 'She say, Miss Herron,' interpreted Carrie, 'Tatchnee talk all time 'bout school, and ask all time "Will teacher come now?" and she say medicine rattle no good and hurt her head, and when the days get so hot and the water from the river so bad, she talk and talk 'bout the little white house and want to lie in the good white bed, and look at the picture and drink cool water. And then she say, "No, they got no place for Tatchnee." And then she talk to man in the picture, and ask him to send teacher to take Tatchnee.

'Then one night she very bad sick and sit up and say, "Teacher coming, take Tatchnee, heap place now for Tatchnee," and she look so glad and take hold her mother and say, "You go, too," and then she go asleep and wake up no more.'

And so the Teacher came for Tatchnee.—M. J. Adams, in 'Over Sea and Land.'

Farewell.

The year is past and over;
  What has it done for thee?
Hast thou grown in love and each Christian grace?
Hast thou grown more meet for the heavenly place?
  What may the record be?

The year is past and over;
  Gone are its golden days
In which to serve the dear Lord of love,
And to lay up treasures for realms above,
  Winning the Master's praise.

The year is past and over:
  Say, hast thou spent it well?
Hast thou lived each hour with a purpose true?
Hast thou done each task thou wert called to do?
  What does the record tell?

The year is past and over,
  Save but a breath for prayer;
For the tasks undone, for the evil wrought,
O thou God of grace, is forgiveness sought.
  Farewell, farewell, old year!

—R. M. Offord!

The King's Choristers.

Boys are not, as a rule, given to being proud of their clothes, but a lad whose Sunday suit cost two hundred dollars, and is of so striking a character that it is not considered safe for him to go out walking in it alone, might perhaps be excused for being a trifle lifted up.

There are ten boys in London who are thus expensively and brilliantly habited every Sunday and on state occasions beside. They are the ten choristers belonging to the Chapel Royal in St. James's Palace, and truly gorgeous they are when arrayed in their 'State suits.' Scarlet cloth is the foundation of the costume and bands of royal purple between rows of heavy gold lace are the adorning of it. Grandest of all, old lace ruffles are worn at the neck and wrists; but these are so valuable and difficult to replace that it has to be a special occasion on which they are donned, white lawn being substituted, as a rule. A boy has to take care of his State suit for it must last him three years, while his undress suit is replaced every eight months.

The choir of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, is one of the historic institutions of England, and many of its old-time customs—including the dress of the boys—are retained to this day. It has numbered among its singers Sir Arthur Sullivan, Edward Lloyd, and many other English musicians.

A curious custom is the right of the head boy to demand one guinea as 'spur money' from any officer entering the chapel wearing spurs. It was said that when Arthur Sullivan was head boy the Duke of Wellington would always come to the chapel in his spurs, in order to have the pleasure of paying the forfeit to his favorite chorister.

A new boy once impaired his reputation by meekly enquiring why all the other boys raised their hats to a certain officer whom they had passed on horseback in the street. The head boy merely replied:—'Who in the world does the duffer know if he doesn't know the Prince of Wales!'

Why Jack Morton Failed.

'Jack Morton'll get it to a dead cert. Nobody has a chance beside him.'

'Well, he's a good chap, and he's worked uncommon hard. No one'll grudge it to him.'

The 'it' of which the boys talked, was a scholarship which carried with it the entrance to a great public school, and thence to the university.

Jack's own hopes were high. He was not conceited, but he knew that he had worked hard, and that he was well prepared. 'Keep your head cool and you've every chance,' had been his teacher's parting words. He had set his heart on the prize. His ambition was fixed upon a university career, but without this scholarship he knew that, as one of a large family, his parents could hardly afford such an outlay. But he would win, and then his way in life would lie clear before him, and he would be a help as well as a pride to all at home.

The eventful day came, and his first papers, he knew as he left the hall, justified his bright dreams and his teacher's assurance. If only he did well in the afternoon when the exam. was resumed—but why shouldn't he?

There was an interval for lunch, for which he went to the house of some old friends near.

'My dear,' said the kindly old lady to her husband, seeing that the boy was too excited to eat much, 'Jack must have a glass of wine, it'll keep him up for his afternoon's work.'

Jack hesitated. Wine was very seldom used at home, more from economy than principle, save on some very special occasion, and he had rarely tasted it; but the old folk were pressing, declaring it would do him good, so he took one glass, and then another, of strong, heady port.

As he hurried back to the hall, he thought his friends had been right after all. He felt a lightness, a warmth, a vigour he had never known before. He seemed to walk upon air. Once seated at his desk, though, with his papers before him, this strange, new power suddenly deserted him. He read and re-read the questions, but they seemed to have no meaning, he could frame no answers to them. What was the matter? His head was burning, his ears buzzing, his throat dry. All afternoon he struggled on like one in a nightmare, while the clock-hands went remorselessly on. Only when the closing hour was near at hand, the cloud slowly lifted from his brain, and he made a desperate effort to make up for lost time. But it was too late, and he left the hall, which he had entered so hopefully, bitterly conscious that he had failed, and that his dreams and plans had vanished.

The blow was a terrible one, and it was very hard to face the wonder and disappointment of parents and teachers and friends. For some years his failure made life harder to him, and it cost him a struggle to work his way to the university at last. In after life, however, when he told the story to his own boys, he said, though it had been a severe lesson, he did not regret it. It had taught him once and for all that if a cool head and clear brain were needed for special work, they were not to be got by the help of the wine glass.

'Help,—it's a cruel hindrance! Take my word for it, boys, whatever work you may have to do, of mind or body, do it in your own strength, and the strength you know where to seek, for you'll find none in the bottle and the glass.'—'Adviser.'

He Needed it Later.

At Cornwall all the mechanical engineering students have to learn seven trades. One of these trades, that of blacksmith, is very distasteful to some of the students; but it has to be learned all the same. One young fellow who was unusually adverse to soiling his hands, begged hard to be exempted from wearing the leather apron; but the professor took special care there was nothing lacking in the thoroughness of his training at the forge.

Last fall the student went to the professor and thanked him for being compelled to learn blacksmithing. 'You see,' he said, 'I am now superintendent of a mine away back in Colorado. Last summer our main shaft broke and there was no one in the mine but myself who could weld it. I didn't like the job but I took off my coat and welded that shaft. It wasn't a pretty job, but she's running now.'

'If I couldn't have done it, I'd have had to pack that shaft on mule back and send it three hundred miles over the mountains to be fixed; and the mine would have had to shut down till it got back. My ability to mend that shaft raised me in the eyes of every man in the mine and the boss raised my salary.'—'Advocate.'

Every time we find a new promise in the Bible the angels open the windows of heaven a little wider.—'Ram's Horn.'

Love Ego.

'Michigan Advocate.'

Lovella Eagan lived on the bank of a beautiful lake. She was the youngest of several children. When her mamma first took her into her arms, she called her 'Lovie,' and she had been called by that name, even after she was baptised 'Lovella.'

Mr. and Mrs. Eagan had made a great mistake in the training of this baby girl.

They made the older children give up everything to her. They wished to teach them to be unselfish. They never thought of making her selfish.

But she grew to think that she must have everything she wanted. It made no difference what it was, or what the others wanted.

When she went to school, she expected the same treatment. But of course, she did not receive it.

One day, when she had been very naughty, because some one had displeased her, the teacher said, 'Lovie, I think I shall have to change your name, unless you are more kind and thoughtful to others. I shall have to call you Love Ego.

'Ego means I myself, A person who always thinks she is the only one who ought to be considered, is called an 'ego-tist,' One who is always talking of himself is called an 'ego-tist.' You seem to love only yourself. I think I shall have to call you Love Ego. That is, love myself.'

The teacher did unwisely to take such a liberty with a child's name. But she did not intend to harm the child.

The scholars liked the idea, and all began to call her by the new name. From that time, to the time of our story, she was known as Love Ego.

When she was about twelve years old she had become so selfish, that she was seldom happy. And she made things so disagreeable, that no one around her could be happy long.

Of course, she was not happy. She was not made to run that way. Like the toy train of cars which a little boy had. The wheels were so made that when it was wound up, it would run around the room in a circle. After a while the boy was tired of having it go so, He wanted it to go straight, so he laid a track down for it to run on, but it would not run so. It would either run off the track or would not run at all. When his papa came home, he ran to him, and asked him to fix his cars so they would run. When his papa saw what he was trying to do, he said: 'My son, it cannot run on a straight track. It was not made to run that way. If you want it to work right, you must let it go as it was made to go.'

So Lovella found that things did not run smoothly, because she was trying to run her life in a wrong way.

One evening her papa said to her at tea: 'I am afraid, my daughter, that you are about ready for the contracting chamber.'

'After tea was over, and papa had gone out, Lovella asked her mamma what papa meant about the contracting chamber.

Her mamma replied: — 'Very many years since there was a legend of a king who had made, in prison, a chamber, all of mirrors. In this chamber he put those who had grown so selfish as to make life unhappy for those who lived with them. When once in this chamber, every thought they had about themselves made the room grow smaller. They could not see it was smaller, for the mirrors still reflected the image of the person who was imprisoned therein, so they could not discover the change till the walls began to press against them. If they continued to think of themselves, the walls pressed harder and harder, until at last they were crushed to death. But every kind thought they had for others made the room grow larger. If they continued only to think of others, the room expanded so as to show a door. Then, if in their hearts they determined to live only for others, and make all who were around them happier, the

DRAWING LESSON.

door flew open, and they were free.'

'That was strange!' said Lovella.

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Eagan, 'the legend was to teach that self-love, and thinking only of self, and for self, narrows our life continuously. Even the body as well as the mind, and soul, becomes shrivelled and small. To persist in such a course destroys the divine life in the soul, But to think of others kindly, and try to help them and make their lives happier, makes our own health better, our minds able to see and understand much more, and our soul lie larger, grander and sweeter, We become more and more like Christ, and our life is enriched by the love of others being poured into it.'

When Lovella retired to her room for the night, she knelt down by the open window and thought of what her papa had said, and of the horrible death in the contracting chamber.

As she knelt there, she heard voices. Footsteps in the hall leading to her room seemed to come nearer. She turned to listen. The door opened. Her papa entered the room, followed by two men. Her papa said, in a sorrowful tone, 'There she is.' The men came to her, and took her up in their arms. She was so frightened she could not move nor make a sound.

She was taken out to a carriage which stood in front of the house and put into it. They were rapidly driven through the streets. At last they stopped before a great prison. The men took her in their arms again. They carried her into the prison, up the broad stairs, through a long hall, and put her into a room, which, as her mamma had said, was all mirrors.

She looked around, but saw only herself. In front, above, on each side, behind, she saw only herself. She looked down, but there also she saw her image. The room was light, though there was no window. She could not see where the door was. It had entirely disappeared.

She began to cry. But she looked so wretched crying that she could not bear to see herself. She closed her eyes, but she could not keep them closed long. When she opened them, there she was, crying still. She could not keep from looking at herself. There was nothing else to look at.

She thought of all her mamma had told her about people who see only themselves. Oh, if she could only see her mamma again! She called and called, but there was no sound. She became frightened. She thought there was someone behind her. She turned quickly around and saw only herself. As she turned, she still thought that just beyond there was some one, but it was ever, — only herself. Then the walls grew closer and closer. She could hardly breathe, she felt so smothered. She screamed in agony, and awoke.

She was still kneeling by the window in her room at home. Her mother heard her screams, and came to see what was the matter, When she saw what a fright Lovella had had, she took her in her arms, and soothed her as only a mother can. She also talked with her, and told her how to overcome her selfishness. Together they knelt and prayed that God would give Lovella the mind of Christ, that she might love others. She could not forget that dreadful dream. She feared the contracting chamber. When she was tempted to be selfish she went alone into her room, and prayed for help to be loving and kind to others. After a while the children at school saw that she was really trying to overcome her fault, and began to call her Lovie Eagan again.

Acting a Lie.

Dolly had been told never to meddle with a beautiful vase on a bracket over the piano. 'It will break very easily,' her mother said. Now, Dolly had an intense desire to take the vase down without breaking it; but on trying to put it back,the bracket slipped off its nail, and the vase fell on the floor, and was broken into a dozen pieces. Dolly was frightened, As she stood there trying to think her way out of the dilemma, her kitten came into the room.

'I'll shut Spotty into the room, and mamma'll think she did it, and Spotty can't tell.'

So the kitten was shut up in the parlor, and when Dolly's mother came home she found Spotty there and the vase broken.

'Do you 'spose Spotty did it?' asked Dolly.

'I think she must have done so,' answered her mother, 'You don't know anything about it, do you?'

Dolly pretended that she didn't hear the question, and got out of the room as soon as possible. That night she could not sleep. 'You lied,' something said to her. 'No, I didn't,' she said. 'I didn't say I didn't break it.' 'But you might just as well have said so,' the voice of conscience told her. 'If you didn't tell a lie, you acted one, and that is just as bad as telling one.'

Dolly stood it as long as she could, but at last she got up and went to her mother's bed.

'Mother, I broke the vase,' she sobbed out. 'I thought if I acted a lie you wouldn't find out about it, but I can't sleep for thinking that God knows if you don't.'

Ah, that's it—God knows, if no one else. We cannot deceive Him.

What I Can.

I can't go out to the distant lands,
Where the heathen live and die
Who have never heard of the children's Friend,
Above the bright blue sky;
And I can't go yet to tell the news
Of the Saviour's love to man,
But I'm quite, quite sure that when
God says 'Go,'
I'll go as fast as I can!

I can't give much, for I am not rich;
So I mean to collect the more,
And also give what I really can,
Out of my little store;
I'll give my pennies, my love, my prayers,
And ask God to bless each plan
That is made for the good of the heathen world—
I'll pray as much as I can!

I can't write books, and I can't build ships,
To sail o'er the ocean wide,
But I can read of the world's great need
Across on the other side;
And when I know, I'll be able then
To tell how the work began;
So I mean to study with all my might,
And read as much as I can!

I can't do work that the world calls great,
But I can do, one by one,
The little things in my daily life
That the Lord would have well done,
Where He leads on we are bound to win,
So I'll follow his conquering van,
And keeping close to my Saviour's side,
I'll work as hard as I can!

—Laura A. Barter, in 'The Children's World.'

LESSON IV.—APRIL 28.

Jesus Appears to the Apostles

John xx., 19-29. Memory verses, 19, 20.
Read Mark xvi., 14; Luke xxiv., 36-43.

Golden Text.

'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.'—John xx., 29.

Lesson Text.

(19) Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. (20) And when he had so said, he shewed unto them his hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord. (21) Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. (22) And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: (23) Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained. (24) But Thomas, one of the Twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. (25) The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe. (26) And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas was with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. (27) Then said he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing. (28) And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God. (29) Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

Lesson Hymn.

O Saviour, make Thy promise known
To all who doubt Thy word and Thee;
And teach them in that word alone
To find the truth that sets them free.

And we who know how true Thou art,
And Thee as God and Lord adore,
Give us, we pray, a loyal heart,
To trust and love Thee more and more.
—Hymns A and M.

Suggestions.

Our Lord Jesus Christ on the day of his resurrection had already showed himself to Mary of Magdala, and to the other good women that went to his tomb, to Peter, and to the two disciples on the way to Emmaus. We are now to study the fifth and sixth appearances.

When Cleopas and his companion realized that they had been talking with the Lord Jesus himself, they hastened back to Jerusalem to tell the other disciples how they had seen him. As they were eagerly telling the glad news, Jesus himself quietly entered the room and was standing in their midst when they looked up. He greeted them with a benediction, and his peace filled their hearts. He pointed to his hands pierced by the cruel nail, and his side wounded by the spear-thrust on Calvary. The disciples rejoiced when they saw the Lord and recognized that he was indeed alive again. They were not afraid nor anxious, for their hearts were filled with the peace he breathed upon them. As they were rejoicing Jesus said to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. Receive ye the Holy Spirit: whosesoever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained. The exact meaning of this passage has been much disputed. The Rev. F. N. Peloubet, in his S. S. notes, gives the following explanation:—'From the corresponding passage in Luke xxiv., 46-48, it seems clear to me that the meaning of this whole verse is: I have now by my death prepared the way for proclaiming forgiveness of sins to the whole world. Go ye forth, and wherever you preach this truth, men will repent and believe, and their sins will be forgiven. Wherever men reject your word and refuse to repent and believe, their sins will be retained. The whole work is committed to your hands, and you will be sustained in your mission by God. There will be no failure. But if you do not preach remission of sins to any people, they will be still without the gospel. For instance, on the day of Pentecost through Peter's preaching three thousand persons entered the kingdom in one day. And through the testimony of the apostles, their work, and the Scriptures they wrote, all that have become Christians have come into the kingdom. 'Ye remit,' 'aphete,' send away, let go, or give up, as a debt, forgive. They were to preach the divine conditions of forgiveness,—penitence and faith,—under the influence and with the power of the Holy Spirit; and these conditions should not change; God himself would forgive, and continue to forgive all who repented and believed, even to the end of time. This power was not conferred on the apostles alone, for others were with them (Luke xxiv., 33), but upon the society, upon the disciples.'

Thomas, called Didymus, a Twin, was not in the upper room with the other disciples when the Lord Jesus visited them that Easter Sunday evening. His heart was filled with sadness, he could not believe the stories of those who said that they had seen Jesus. Thomas felt that he must see the Lord himself before he could believe. But he was honest, he was ready to believe when he did see Jesus. He was not building up barriers of unbelief around his heart purposely so as to shut out the sight of Christ. He was not casing himself in unbelief as an excuse for disobeying God. Many doubters are simply rebels, they will not believe on Christ because it would involve giving up their favorite idols and acknowledging themselves as sinners. Many persons are doubters simply from lethargy, it is easier to go on in their self-pleasing way than to make any effort to live true lives. Some are doubters through hatred, they blame God for their unhappy lives, and hate their neighbors for their lack of sympathy. Some claim to be constitutional doubters, they say that they are born without the power to believe. It is curious that some men declare that they cannot believe God's Word, but they put perfect faith in the newspapers or in any tale told them by their neighbors.

The honest doubter need not be in darkness very long, for God has declared that anyone who seeks him with the whole heart will surely find him, (Deut. iv., 29; I. Chron. xxviii., 9; II. Chron. xv., 2, 4; Ps. ix., 10; xxxiv., 4, 10; cxix., 2; Amos v. 8; Acts xvii., 27-31; Matt. vi., 33; vii., 7, 8, 11), for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. The door of heaven is not barred on God's side. God does not hide the love we are seeking, our own sins blind our eyes to the gift he is holding out to us. God is not deaf to our pleading, his ears are ever open only sin makes us dumb. God's promises are never broken, the reason we do not always receive their fulfilment is that we do not honestly seek and claim them. All God's promises are conditioned on obedience to Christ.

There is only one cure for doubt. It is the vision of Christ, it is the voice of Christ speaking to the longing soul. There can be no peace until the voice of Christ is heard in the soul. Thomas had not an emotional nature, he wanted hard facts to believe; and the Lord Jesus respected his honest yearnings after the truth. Thomas was anxious to see the Lord Jesus or he would not have been with the disciples on the following Sunday as they again sat in the upper room and Jesus again came to them with the greeting of peace. Then his first words were for Thomas. He bade him not only to look but to feel the scars in his hands and side, using the very words that Thomas had used in demanding proof of the resurrection. But the vision of Christ was all that Thomas needed, his doubts were all swept away by that sight, and with joy he worshipped the risen Saviour.

Questions.

When did the risen Lord first appear to his assembled disciples? How did he greet them? How did he prove his identity? Did they believe in him? What apostle was not with them at the time? What did he say about it? Did Jesus know how this man felt? What did he say when he saw him? What did the one who had doubted say? What is the lesson for us? What is the Golden Text?

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Apr. 28.—Topic—Fidelity to pledges: 'I promise.'—Ps. lxv., 1-4; lxi., 1-8; cxvi., 12-14.

Junior C. E. Topic.

WHATEVER HE WOULD.

Mon., Apr., 22.—Learning Christ's wishes.—Acts iv., 6.

Tues., Apr. 23.—Obedience tests love.—John xiv., 15.

Wed., Apr. 24.—Going where Christ sends.—Bark. xvi., 15.

Thu., April 25.—Speaking Christ's word.—I. Kings xxii., 14.

Fri., Apr. 26.—Doing in Jesus's name.—Col. iii., 17.

Sat., Apr. 27.—After Christ's example.—John xiii., 15.

Sun., Apr. 28.—Topic—Pledge meeting No. 2: 'Whatever he would like to have me do.'—John xv., 13-16.

Free Church Catechism.

45. Q.—What are the outward signs in the Lord's Supper?

A.—Bread and wine: which the Lord has commanded to be given and received for a perpetual memorial of his death.

46. Q.—What is signified by the bread and wine?

A.—By the bread is signified the body of our Lord Jesus Christ in which he lived and died; by the wine is signified his blood, shed once for all upon the cross for the remission of sins.

47. Q.—What do they receive who in penitence and faith partake of this sacrament?

A.—They feed spiritually upon Christ as the nourishment of the soul, by which they are strengthened and refreshed for the duties and trials of life.

Make a Beginning.

('Friendly Greetings.')

'Save? Why, what nonsense you're talkin', Jim Bond! Here I earn a pound a week, and now and again a trifle overtime, and I've a family to keep. 'How's a fellow to save, I'd like to know?'

Jim Bond and Hal Gray lived in the same street, and as they walked home together from their work one evening, Jim was speaking about the importance of saving, and Hal made this reply.

'But,' said Jim, 'surely you could put by something, if only a few pence?'

'I don't see how,' replied Hal; 'what with rent and food and clothes, the money goes like water. You see we've got to live, and when anything extra turns up I haven't a farthin' to fall back upon. Now tell me, Jim, how do you manage?'

'It's very simple. I earn a pound a week, same as you do, only that I've no overtime money. Well, every week I make each shillin' I earn pay me a penny. As soon as my wages are given me I carry the money home to my wife, and she takes care always to have change handy, and when I hands her my pound, she pays me the tax—twenty pence—one-and-eight. The shillin' of that goes to the post-office bank, and the eightpence I pop into a little cash-box as was a weddin' present to my wife. We let the interest on the money in the post-office be added to the principal, so as the sum may grow big enough to be a help when the children is older and needs more schoolin'. The eightpence a week we keep for extras—an outin' in the country on Bank Holiday, or a special charity we're in-

terested in, and would like to give a trifle to. But we make it a rule never to let our box get quite empty.'

'That's all very well; but how can you afford to put by a penny in every shillin'? I can't.'

'Maybe we do without somethin' that you always have,' suggested Jim. 'Now, for one thing, we never see beer or tobacco in my house.'

'You don't? Well, that's too bad! We spend sixpence a day on beer, and we don't get much for our money neither. A workin' man can't do without his glass of ale and his pipe.'

'So you say; but now look at me! I'm well enough,' and Jim straightened his strong lithe figure, and looked full in Hal's face with his clear eyes. 'When I married,' said he, 'I gave up beer to please my wife, and I've never repented it. The tobacco was a harder thing to do without, for I'd been too much of a smoker. But when my boy was born, I says to myself, says I, "Now this will be another expense, and I ain't a-goin' to cut our food down, for that ain't healthy; nor I won't move into cheap, nasty quarters, for one and the same reason. But there's one thing I can do without, and that's my pipe." So I threw up the whole thing, and though it was awful hard at first, I got used to doin' without. Then, too, my missis is a good manager; we waste nothin', we owe nothin', and we've somethin' put by for a rainy day.'

'Well, that do sound wise!' remarked Hal; 'I've a good mind to try that plan—eh, Bob?'

For Hal's eldest son, Bob, who was working for a carpenter, had joined his father as they walked homeward, and had heard most of the conversation.

The following week, as Jim was going to the post-office as usual, whom should he meet just outside, but Bob Gray.

'Hallo, my boy!' said he, kindly, laying his hand on the lad's shoulder, 'you here?'

'Yes,' answered Bob, shyly. 'You see, Jim, I overheard what you said to dad t'other day, and I can see there's reason in it; so I'm a-goin' to make a beginnin'. I've given up beer, and what was spent on my share at dinner and supper I'll put in the bank. It's twopence a day, and worth savin'.'

'Ay, Bob, and not only that,' said Jim, 'but you're doin' what will be a treasure to you all your life long. You're learnin' to be self-denyin', and careful, and prudent; you're learnin' to choose what's right and wise, rather than the desire of the moment.'

The First Drink.

Two boys stopped in front of a saloon, and an old man standing near listened to what they said.

'Let's go in and take a drink,' said one of them.

'I—I don't think we'd better,' said his companion, 'my father's terribly opposed to saloons. I don't know what he'd say if he knew I'd been in one, and drank liquor there.'

'Just for the fun of the thing, you know,' urged his friend, 'of course, we'd stop with that one drink. There couldn't be any harm in that.'

'My boys,' said the old man, coming up to them, 'you don't know what you're talking about. If you go in there and take one drink, you're not sure of stopping there. The chances are that you won't, for I tell you—and I know what I'm talking about by a bitter experience—there's a fascination about liquor that it takes a strong will to resist after the first taste of it, sometimes. Take the first drink, and the way of the drunkard is open before you. Only those who let liquor entirely alone are safe. I know, for I've been a drunkard a good many years. I expect to be one till I die. I began by taking a drink just as you propose to—"for fun"—but I didn't stop there, you see. Take the advice of a poor old wreck—and that is, never take the first drink.'

'You're right,' said the boy who had proposed to visit the saloon. 'I thank you for your good advice, sir. I say, Tom, let's promise each other never to take the first drink.'

'All right,' said Tom, and the boys clasped hands on their pledge.

'That's a good temperance society to belong to,' said the old man. 'I wish I'd joined one like it when I was a boy.'—Eben E. Rexford.

Correspondence

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' I get it at Sunday-school. I like it very much. I live in Toronto. It is a very pretty place. I have a little pet cat and, O, it's very sick. ETHEL D. (Aged 9.)

St. Croix, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in a pretty village called St. Croix, on the St. Croix river. My brother and I take music lessons; we do not like practice very well. I am ten years old. I have five brothers and two sisters. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success.

RALPH S.

Roebuck, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and one brother. My great-grandmother is living yet. She is ninety years of age. Mamma is a granddaughter to her. Both of my grandmothers are dead. My Aunt Jane, Uncle Walter, and their daughter, Helen, live in Toronto Junction. MABEL W.

Stillwater,

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old, I walk a mile and three quarters to school. I go to Sunday-school. My teacher gave me 'In His Steps,' for repeating the Golden Texts for the quarter. I have three brothers. I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. VERA.

New Stock.

Dear Editor,—The 'Messenger' is a good paper. I have been a reader of it for nearly three years. My brother Alex takes it. There are nine children in the family. All of us were born in the United States except my three younger brothers. We live sixteen miles from town. I think it is a terrible road to drive. There are not very many snowbirds around here now. Three of us go to school in summer time. We have no school here in winter. There were two Christmas trees here in the colony, and we had a lovely time. I like to read the children's letters very well. MINNIE S.

Milford, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the Correspondence. I live in a nice little village on the Shubenacadie. My sister subscribed for the 'Messenger' for my birthday. I was down at Halifax when the Second Contingent came home from South Africa. My birthday is on July 21. B. U.

Bear Brook.

Dear Editor,—I have no brothers or sisters. My dear mother died when I was little. My father lives on a farm with my aunt and grandmother. One of my cousins sends us the 'Messenger' and we all like the reading of it very much.

NELSON O. D.

New Cornwall.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and like it very much. I have seven sisters and seven brothers. Three of my sisters are in Boston, and three married, and a dear little brother is in heaven. My oldest brother is at Fredericton, going to the military school, he was a year in South Africa. I have two grandfathers and two grandmothers living.

M. H.

Ruskview.

Dear Editor,—My papa keeps the post-office. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for ten or twelve years. We live in the country very near the school-house. I have been going to school this two years. I like my teacher. My brother Stanley has a dog named Jack. I have four brothers and two sisters. C. G. F., (Aged 8.)

Dorland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am the only girl in a family of five. I have two brothers in Dakota and two at home. My brothers have taken the 'Messenger' ever since I can remember, but they are all getting to be men, and hereafter it is to be my very own paper. I have a little girl friend living in Dryden, Rainy River District, who said she would write a letter if I would. I will try to send you some more subscribers, and perhaps you will send me 'Billy Bray,' I think I would like to read it. I am twelve years old.

BELLA D.

Stratford.

Dear Editor,—The Knox Church Sunday-school started to take the 'Messenger' on Jan. 1, We think the 'Messenger' a very good Sunday-school paper. I am ten years old. I have four brothers, two older and two younger than myself. I have two grandmother's and one grandfather, and they get the S.S. papers after we are through with them, and then my cousins in the country get them to read.

ETHEL G. D.

South Victoria.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to school. My papa is a farmer. Mamma took the 'Messenger' when she was a little girl, and now I take it, and like it very much. I always look forward to its coming. JENNIE R.

South Victoria.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I have two pet cats named Flossy and Pansy. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much. I am very fond of reading and have read a good many books.

ISABEL C. M.

Dunbarton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and get the 'Messenger.' I like to read the letters they are so nice. I am nine years old. My birthday is on Christmas Day. I have a little baby sister, her name is Hilda Victoria, her birthday is on Nov. 20. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success.

FLORENCE AMELIA L.

Shinimicas, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I like to go to school. My birthday is on October 15. My father lives on a farm. I am ten years old.

VANCE D. A.

Salisbury, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old to-day, and I got a pair of gloves from mamma, and a bag of candy from all of the folks at home. I got two twenty-five cent pieces from mamma, and five cents from Lucy, that makes fifty-five cents altogether. Helen and I came up to grandma's. We like the 'Northern Messenger' very, very much, and I thank you all that I can for the nice stories. RICHARD THOMPSON T.

Economy, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I got a club of fourteen last year. I intend to get all the new ones I can every year. Our minister's name is Mr. McKillican, from Montreal, he has a Bible-class at our house every Monday evening. We think a great deal of him. MAY S.

Victoria, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I live in a village called Victoria. I am seven years old. I go to school every day, and am in the second book. We keep the telephone office, and have a grocery store. We have taken the 'Messenger,' for one year, and would not do without it now. I always read the Correspondence first. BERTRAM P.

Springdale.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much, and I would not like to be without such a nice paper. I go to school every day. I have one pet cat. I take music lessons every Wednesday and Saturday. My birthday is March 7.

IRENE P.

South Victoria.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and one brother. There is lots of snow here, and we have lots of fun coasting.

ANNIE R. (Aged 9.)

Springdale.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' every week, and I would not like to be without it. I am going to school. I have six brothers and one sister. Our pastor is the Rev. Mr. Scott. I have two pets, a dog and a cat. I take music lessons on Tuesdays and Fridays. I wonder if any little reader has the same birthday as mine, June 21.

MAGGIE PEARL S. (Aged 15.)

Industry, Kan., U.S.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and we all like it. I like the Correspondence best. I went to a spelling school not long ago and spelled the school down. AMY L. H., (Aged 10.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Let the Girls Romp.

Most mothers have a dread of romps, so they lecture the girls daily on the proprieties, and exhort them to be little ladies. They like to see them very quiet and as gentle as possible. The lot of such children is rather pitiable, for they are deprived of the fun and frolic which they are entitled to. Children—boys and girls—must have exercise to keep them healthy. Deprive them of it and they will fade away like flowers without sunshine.

Running, racing, skipping, climbing—these are the things that strengthen the muscles, expand the chest, and build up the nerves. The mild dose of exercise taken in the nursery, with calisthenics or gymnastics, will not invigorate the system like a good romp in the open air. Mothers, therefore, who counsel their little girls to play very quietly make a mistake. Better the laughing, rosy-cheeked, romping girl, than the pale, lily-faced one who is called every inch a lady.

The latter rarely breaks things or tears her dresses, or tries her mother's patience as the former does; but, after all, what do the tearing or breaking amount to? It is not a wise policy to put an old head on young shoulders. Childhood is the time for childish pranks and plays. The girls grow into womanhood soon enough. Let them be children as long as possible, and also give them plenty of fresh air and sunlight.—'Christian Work.'

Giving and Getting.

'I don't see how foreign missions help the home churches,' said Lou Baker, looking up at her mother. 'The preacher said they did, yesterday, when he was preaching about missions, you know.'

'Do you remember the beautiful bed of nasturtiums Mrs. Snow and I had last summer, Lou?' asked her mother.

'Yes. But—'

'But what has that to do with missions?' replied her mother, smiling.

'Let's see. Mrs. Snow had not cut her flowers, you remember. Her bed was a perfect blaze of color for a while. She wanted it to be the finest in town, and for a time it was. Then the vines began to die, though she gave them the best attention. Before August there was nothing but dry stems left. The flowers had bloomed themselves to death, and drawn all the life from the roots.

'This year she did not plant nasturtiums; she said they did not pay. My bed bloomed until frost. I was on the flower committee for the hospital, and sent great bunches of my nasturtiums every week to the sick people. I could not help it—they were so lovely, and brought so much brightness into the long, bare wards. I never thought of saving my plants by giving away my flowers, but so it was.'

'So you think, mamma, that the more we give to foreign missions, the more we have at home?' asked Lou.

'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty,' quoted Mrs. Baker. 'When I saw the joy those flowers, gleaming like great blotches of red and yellow sunshine, brought into the days of these poor sick ones, I loved my flowers more than ever before, and thanked God more heartily than I had ever done for the beautiful gift of the flowers. They taught me a lesson on foreign missions.'—'Mission Journal.'

Sirloin Steak or Liver.

Bishop Vincent records the following incident:

'A coal miner in Pennsylvania quit work on a Saturday night, treated the boys at the saloon, went to the butcher's shop and stood aside while the saloon-keeper bought a roast for Sunday's dinner and a sirloin steak for Monday's breakfast. The miner took two pounds of liver. The following morning the miner made a speech to his fellow-miners, and they agreed to buy no more beer for a week at the saloon. They kept their word. Next Saturday the miner went to the butcher shop. The saloon-keeper came in, and the miner stood to one side. The saloon-keeper said that, as business had been very dull, he would take liver for his Sunday dinner and Monday breakfast. The miners took roast and steak.'—'National Advocate.'

Selected Recipes.

Fried Onions.—Pare and slice the onions, cover with milk for ten minutes. Drain, then roll them either in fine bread crumbs or flour, deep fry in hot fat. Remember to drain on paper.

Sweet Potato Croquettes.—Use sweet potatoes that have been baked and washed. To two cupfuls, add one cupful of cream, one tablespoonful of melted butter, pepper, salt and ginger. Dip the croquettes in cracker crumbs and egg and fry.

Fried Chicken.—Cut in half two young chickens, or divide large ones, place the pieces in a steamer and steam for one, two, or three hours, or until the meat is thoroughly done; remove it from the fire; allow it to cool, then season with salt, pepper, and a very little nutmeg, dust the pieces with flour, dip in beaten egg, then fry to a light brown in sweet butter. Garnish with sliced lemon and parsley, and serve with pepper sauce.

A Pretty Holiday Cake.—Bake four nice cakes—a fruit cake, a cocoanut, a sponge, and a chocolate. When cold cut into quarters and press together as one a quarter of each cake. Ice each quarter so as to indicate what is beneath. A country girl, in telling of one she saw, says:—'The "fruity quarter" was thickly strewn with raisins to show what "manner of man" it was. The chocolate bore a brown, crusty-looking icing. The cocoanut portion was white and thickly covered with its own candied covering. The sponge part was slightly tinged with a yellowish frosting, which told of what did lurk beneath.'—'Occident.'

Queen Pudding.—To make queen pudding pour one quart of milk upon one quart of bread crumbs. Add one cup of sugar, a little salt, and the grated rind of one lemon. Beat the yolks of four eggs and add to the mixture. Bake it till it is sufficiently done. Then spread over the top a layer of preserved or stewed fruit of any kind. Whip the whites of four eggs until stiff, add four tablespoonsful of sugar and the juice of a lemon, and spread it over the top. Return it to the oven until it is slightly brown. To be eaten hot or cold.

OUR BEST PREMIUM.

The New-Century Publication

WORLD WIDE

A Weekly Reprint of Articles from Leading Journals and Reviews Reflecting the Current Thought of Both Hemispheres.

Special Clubbing Offers.

TWO GREAT WEEKLY PAPERS

NORTHERN MESSENGER and WORLD WIDE.

12 pages, 30c. 16 pages, 75c.

Aggregating over 850 pages per annum.

Both to one address—Regular price, $1.05
Special price.....$ .90

Both to two separate addresses—Regular price, $2.10.
Special price.....$1.90

Both to five separate addresses—Regular price, $3.25.
Special price.....$2.50

THREE GREAT WEEKLY PAPERS

Northern Messenger, Weekly Witness, World Wide.

12 pages, 30c. 20-24 pages, $1.00. 16 pages, 75c.

Aggregating over 2,500 pages per annum.

All to one address—Regular price, $2.05.
Special price.....$1.50

All to two separate addresses—Regular price, $4.10.
Special price.....$3.70

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

Publishers, Montreal, Canada.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

USE **BABY'S OWN** SOAP

SOLID GOLD Ring, set with a real Garnet and 2 genuine Oriental Pearls, all of good size, given for selling only 15 beautifully finished full-sized Cabinet Photographs of the Queen at 10c. each. Everyone wants a good picture of Her Majesty. Now is the time to sell them. Write for Photos. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, in a handsome box, this Solid Gold Ring, set with real gems. Write to-day. **Art Supply Co.,** Box 110 **Toronto, Canada.**

FREE We give this handsome WATCH, with polished nickel case, ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hands, prize, for selling, at 10c. each, only 2 dozen Photo Medallions of our new King and Queen. These Photos are beautifully finished in rich coloring on a gold background—something entirely new. Mail us this advertisement and we will forward the Photos. Sell them, return the money, and your Watch will be sent you, carefully packed, by return mail. **Home Pub. Co.** Box 110 **Toronto.**

FREE We give this handsome polished nickel Watch, American Lever Movement, for selling only 2 dozen large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package contains 42 newest and most fragrant large flowering varieties of all colors. They are everybody's favorite flower. Write and we mail the seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send your best reliable Watch, postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., BOX 122 TORONTO.**

FREE A beautiful Fountain Pen, Ewald's Combination Pen and Pencil Holder, the Wonderful Dancing Skeleton and a Great Package of Games for only 10 cts. Send to-day before they are all sold. Address F. H. ENGLISH, Iroquois, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED TO PUSH "WORLD WIDE" on special trial rate offer. Nothing nicer to canvas for. Generous commissions. It is just what intelligent people are looking for. Write for terms, samples, etc. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

BREAKFAST — SUPPER.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'